The Weekly Museum.

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MARGARETTA—A FRAGMENT.

[*Continued.*]

THE fine eyes of Serafina are often drowned in tears, and the grief of Hamilton seems to know no bounds! Two weeks since, upon the morning of the day on which you surprised me yielding up my whole soul with sorrow, supposing Hamilton in his closet, I took my needle work, with a design, while sitting beside him, to make one more effort to allure him into the sweet, and flowery walks of tranquillity——he was not there—but an open piece of paper lying upon his scrutoire, written by the hand of Serafina, in which I saw my name in large characters inscribed, caught my attention—I read it—its contents are engraven on the tablets of my heart. "That I *love* not my own soul better than I do my Edward Hamilton, I trust that he will always believe—I have received his *expostulatory letter*, and by that *love which we mutually avow*, I enquire him to consider, weigh, ponder, and reflect —*Can Edward consign Margaretta to ruin? Can he be forgetful of the interest and well being of his infant Son?* If Hamilton will give to these claims their *due weight*, I persuade myself that he will then listen to the voice of prudence—of that prudence which is, *in this instance*, regent in the bosom of

SERAFINA CLIFFORD."

I read, I say—and the agony of my spirit was inexpressible—with a wild air I turned toward the window, and as if fate had determined to make me completely wretched, I beheld Edward and Serafina, arm under arm, walking down the gravel walk of our little flower garden—this, at such a moment, was too much. With precipitate and unequal steps, impassioned almost to phrenzy, I hasted from the closet, flying, as for refuge, to my own. It was at this distressing juncture, that you, Madam, looked in upon me; you saw, and you condemned the irregular expressions of a sorrow, to which you was a stranger—but I flattered myself that you will in future rather pity than censure your Margaretta.

Real illness, through that fatal day, served as an apology for not making my appearance at dinner, or at evening tea time, and in the course of the night, reason taught me sufficient self command to *appear* tolerably composed at breakfast the next morning.—As I left the writing precisely as I found it, there cannot be an idea entertained of the suspicions which wound my bosom; and if it is mine to suffer, I am determined to suffer in silence ———Thus dear and honored Madam, you will see that I have no common cause of sorrow—that I am not so very faulty as you conceived. Thus have I entitled myself to your advice, and thus you will be induced to pity your MARGARETTA HAMILTON.

Mary hesitated not to dispatch the following approbating reply.

To Mrs. HAMILTON.

NO, my poor sufferer, you do not stand in need of advice—persevere as you have begun—Mr. Hamilton is a man of sense, and feeling—he will rouse to a recollection of your virtues, and your *reward* will be great. —Believe me, I glory in my child.——— My tears flow so fast that I cannot add; and I can only say that I am indeed your commiserating and tender Mother.

We had passed our afternoon in a vain attempt to investigate the cause of the infelicity of our daughter; we went over and over the ground, we traced and re-traced, we exhausted the powers of retrospection, until wearied and amid the wilds of conjecture, we attained the precise point from which we at first sat off.

We had but just invested our pensive tete-a-tete with a degree of apparent serenity, when Mrs. Hamilton without being announced rushed hastily into the apartment; our astonishment, at so unexpected a visit, was in no sort abated, by the wild extravagance, of which her air and manner were descriptive—it was however the mania of joy, and without giving us time for reflection or interrogation, throwing herself suddenly at my feet, with clasped hands, and all the delirium of rapture, she exclaimed—O Sir, O my Father, bless, bless, your happy child—delay not to bestow your benedictions upon this the most blissful period of her life, thus giving the paternal voice, to sanction, and complete, that measure of felicity, which perhaps her wayward, and desponding heart, hath but ill deserved. Alarmed, and apprehensive I would have folded her to my breast, at no moment hesitating to pronounce a blessing which was ever the spontaneous dictates of my heart—but ere I could utter a word, springing up and hasting forward, she threw her arms around the neck of Mary: "O my Mother, my more than Mother, embrace your now not sorrowing but perfectly assured, & ecstatically enraptured Margaretta" —Mary now clasped her to her bosom—and now regarded her with looks of agonized terror—it was in vain that she struggled for utterance; the impassioned feelings of her soul disdained language, and the perturbed emotions which agitated her spirit, were only expressed by an affecting and descriptive silence. For myself I am free to own, that the scene had almost unmanned me. I trembled equally for my wife and daughter—I beheld them alike objects of commiseration—I could not have supported it a moment longer —it was interrupted by the entrance of Edward Hamilton, and Serafina—Ah my Love! cried Hamilton—why do you thus cruelly deprive me of your benignant presence, at a moment too when you have, as it were, renovated my existence—in which you have relieved me from a burthen that by its mighty pressure, had well near crushed my every hope of happiness, this side the eternal world —at a moment when you have new pointed every felicity, and taught me still more highly to appreciate the inestimable worth of yourself, and of your ennobling affection—were it possible that I could call my Margaretta unkind, her absence at such a time, would be the only plea which could justify my accusation. But who talks of accusation? Margaretta, like the Being from whose eternal mind she originates—and who hath formed her a near resemblance of his blessed self, unreservedly forgives. Influenced also by an example so fair, and urged too by their own lenient benevolence, our revered benefactors, parents, friends, will likewise condescend to sign my acquital; and thus their once almost despairing culprit, restored to peace, and to them, will new plume his hopes, and embarking once more upon the voyage of life, he will trust, that prosperous gales will attend his once shipwrecked prospects.—Margaretta encircled by her husband's arms, bent her sweet face upon his bosom—Serafina pressing her hands alternately to her lips—murmured in broken sentences—lovely and forgiving Sister—a sister indeed—angelic Margaretta—May GOD in Heaven greatly reward, and forever bless my indulgent Margaretta—but not to fatigue the reader, by the incoherently agitated manner, in which we finally obtained an explanation of these mysterious appearances, I will piece together materials which, through many breaks and pauses, I received, and present him a succinct narrative of circumstances, that have produced an eclaircissement, which hath rendered Margaretta, in her own estimation, the happiest of women.—The opening dawn of yesterday presented a serene autumnal morning, and the advancing day confirmed the pleating indications of its rosy harbinger; the ripened fruits of Autumn gathered in, the industrious swain once more hailed the interval which crowned his hopes, permitted him to indulge a suspension of his labours; the very air, gently moving the motley foilage of the grove, impregnated with the seeds of bland and social peace, and disburthened of the undulating, and busy clang, seemed to breathe the true spirit of grateful

and unmoleſted contemplation; in ſhort, all varying nature, apparently wore the ſemblance of tranquillity. Margaretta made the compariſon, ſhe could no longer ſupport the dreadful contraſt, which her boſom exhibited, and aſſerting herſelf, ſhe determined to be peremptory in her demand of an explanation; for many hours ſhe revolved her important purpoſe, her ſpirit labored with its intereſting deſign; her breaſt was the ſeat of inquietude, and her ſoul was heavily oppreſſed; how to introduce her ſubject, in what language to clothe thoſe ſorrows which ſhe had hitherto ſo aſſiduouſly ſought to veil from the eye of Hamilton, theſe were queſtions which ſtrongly agitated every faculty of her mind. To concert a plan of operation, it was in vain that ſhe aſſayed, until at length, heſitating, trembling, and irreſolute, ſhe bent her ſteps toward that ſaloon which Edward had conſecrated the ſcene of his moſt retired moments; thither at certain hours of the day, ſhe knew that he repaired; upon this ſolitude ſhe had never ventured to intrude; but by ſlow and ſullen movement, urged by deſpair ſhe now approached; ſhe drew towards the receſs, the door was but half cloſed, Edward, and Seraſina, for the purpoſe of obtaining an uninterrupted conference, had previouſly retired there. Seraſina was ſeated on a ſofa, her face bathed in tears; Edward evidently overpowered by grief, reclined by her ſide, he preſſed the left hand of Seraſina to his lips, while her right was thrown affectionately over his ſhoulder.

[*To be Continued*]

THE MEDLEY.

A MONSTER.

DR. FRANKLIN relates, that being with a party of his friends, caught in bad weather upon one of the Weſt-India iſlands, he took ſhelter in a public houſe, kept by a foreigner: Upon their deſiring that more wood might be brought to the fire, the brute ordered his ſickly wife to go forth in the ſtorm, and fetch it! while a young, ſturdy Negro wench, his ſlave, ſtood by, doing nothing! Upon being aſked why he did not ſend the girl rather that his wife? He replied, "that wench is worth 80l. and if ſhe ſhould catch cold, and die, it would be a great loſs to me; but if my wife dies, I can get another, and perhaps money in the bargin."

IN a ſtorm at ſea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, aſked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the ſailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we ſhall all be in heaven before 12 o'clock to night. The chaplain, terrified at the expreſſion, cried out, O GOD forbid.

PHILANTHROPY.

TRUE CHARITY can never fail,
But will o'er Time and Death prevail;
Were Prophecies and Tongues to ceaſe,
The man of Love ſhall live in peace.

Of ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace,
True CHARITY is firſt in place;
And love to God and man will be
The ground of all FELICITY!

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES *addreſſed to Miſs* H—— S——d.

RECEIVE, dear Hannah from a friend,
And read them too with care;
The lines ſincerity has penn'd,
To warn th' unthinking fair.

Of flattery, gentle maid, beware,
Shun its deluſive ſound;
It ſpreads for innocence a ſnare,
By which our reaſon's bound.

Believe not all a poet writes,
Becauſe he praiſes you;
But think how much that praiſe delights,
When we're convinc'd 'tis true.

But poets licence have, you know,
To praiſe or rail at pleaſure;
And ſurely he who writes of you,
With praiſe muſt fill his meaſure.

For flattery's power, full well he knows,
Is great in female minds;
And in the ſmiles the fair beſtows,
His recompence he finds.

January 20, 1794. VERITAS.

SONG.

Compoſed and Sung, by the Maſter of a Lodge, to his Brethren, previous to his departure for Europe, where he intended ſpending the remainder of his days.

ADIEU, a heart ſond warm, adieu,
Ye brothers of a myſtic tie,
Ye favour'd and enlighten'd few,
Companions of my ſocial joy;
Though I to foreign lands, muſt hie,
Purſuing fortune's ſlippery ball,
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill when far awa—

Oft have I met your ſocial band,
To ſpend a cheerful, feſtive night;
Oft honor'd with ſupreme command,
Preſided o'er the ſons of light.
And by that hieroglyphic bright
Which none but craftſmen ever knew,
Strong mem'ry on my heart ſhall write
Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa—

May freedom, harmony, and love
Cement you in the grand deſign,
Beneath th' Omnicient Eye, above,
The glorious Architect divine.
That you may keep th' unerring rule,
Still guided by the plummet's law,
'Till order bright completely ſhine,
Shall be my prayer, when far awa—

And you, farewell, whoſe merits claim
Juſtly that higheſt badge to wear;
May Heaven bleſs your noble name,
To Maſonry and Friendſhip dear.
A laſt requeſt permit me then,
When yearly you're aſſembled all,
One round, I aſk it with a tear,
To him, the friend, that's far awa—

And you, kind hearted ſiſters, fair,
I ſing farewell to all your charm;
Th' impreſſion of your pleaſing air,
With rapture oft my heart did warm;
Alas! the ſocial winter's night
No more returns, while breath we draw,
Till ſiſters, brothers, all unite
In that Grand Lodge, that's far awa.—

The FRIENDLY CENSOR, No. IV.

CONSIDERATIONS *addreſſed to the* FAIR-SEX

The particular importance of VIRTUE.

"——*The ſolid pomp of proſp'rous days;*
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity,"
"——*and truſt me, he—*
Who has not virtue, is not truly wiſe."

IF then, my fair friends, you are "wiſe," ſtudy virtue; and deſpiſe every thing that oppoſes it. "Beauty and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away; and all the arts of life be ſoon forgotten; but virtue will remain for ever," "It procures us the approbation and love of all wiſe and good beings, and renders them our friends. But what is unſpeakably of greater conſequence, is, that it makes God our friend; aſſimulates and unites our minds to him, and engages his Almighty power in our defence."—"To ſay no more, 'tis the law of the whole univerſe; it ſtands firſt in the eſtimation of the Deity; its original is his nature, and it is the very object that makes him lovely."

Remember that nothing elſe deſerves one anxious thought or wiſh; reflect that this alone is honor, wealth, and happineſs. Secure this; and you ſecure every thing; loſe this, and every thing is loſt.

FRENCH ANECDOTE.

IN the village of Harcourt lives a good farmer. He has an only daughter named Paulina; he is a pretty little girl, has a handſome perſon, and her ſmiles enchanting—ſhe is tenderly loved by her mother, and her father doats on her. Not far from her father's farm lived Juſtin, the ſon of a laborer in eaſy circumſtances. He was a youth of twenty; well made; had brown eye-brows, and was vigorous and robuſt. Juſtin was returning from the fields in the month of Auguſt laſt, and Paulina was going home from the garden after gathering ſome herbs. [I had forgot to obſerve that Juſtin and Paulina loved each other.] They had been brought up together—Paulina was a Patriot, and Juſtin was the beſt Jacobin in the village. It was almoſt night, and this couple were walking along together ſinging in uniſon "Ca Ira."

On a ſudden the tocſin ſounds; the general is beat; the hearts of our lovers beat alſo—behold them at church; the gentleman of the town with a large ribband over his dreſs, was preaching in the parſon's pulpit. "The Pruſſians and Auſtrians, (ſaid he) are going to Paris; there is no longer a king; all the young men of Harcourt muſt take up arms to drive theſe enemies from France. If they do not, tithes, taxes, and the Gaballe will return—all will return as before, and we ſhall again be ſlaves."—Paulina with tears in her eyes, caſt a look towards Juſtin—Juſtin took the hint—but to quit Paulina! His love was deeply rooted—more than fifty youths had already inſcribed their names in a large book.—Paulina herſelf handed Juſtin to the deſk on which the large book was placed—his name was inſcribed.—"It is done," ſaid Juſtin with a deep ſigh, Paulina turned aſide to conceal her tears, and was at length obliged to withdraw; Juſtin followed her a few ſteps, but ſhe was already in the arms of her mother.—Juſtin never more ſaw Paulina—but Juſtin is one of thoſe grenadiers who conquered at Jemappe; and Paulina wrote to Juſtin that ſhe conſented not to ſee him until there was no more enemies to conquer.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 25.

The late reports of the capture of the duke of York, the re-capture of Toulon, and the reduction of Nieuport and Offend, appear by the more recent and regular account, to be totally unfounded.

We learn from the proceedings of the National Convention, that a Declaration of WAR has been pronounced agrinst Genoa—and, that Philip Egalite late duke of Orleans, Couſtard, Briſſot, and twenty-one others; all late members of the National Convention, have been Guillotined.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, dated January 21.

"A Wealthy Planter of St. Domingo, arrived here three days ago from Havana, declares, that 6,500 troops, of the Spaniſh Line, had arrived at that port, two days before he left it, and that he saw the whole of them diſembark. Theſe forces are deſtined to co-operate immediately, with their Allies the Britiſh, againſt the French on the Iſland of St. Domingo."

Extract of a letter from Baltimore, dated Jan 16

"An American veſſel has arrived from Cadiz. She fell in with an Engliſh ſeventy-four, in a diſtreſſed condition. The Captain of this ſhip informed the American, that there had been a ſevere engagement between the two fleets, and that the Engliſh after being much injured put into Torbay."

Extract of a letter from Fayette Ville, dated the 6th inſt. in the evening.

"Two gentlemen juſt arrived here, from Charleſton, S. C. reports, that a French 20 gun ſhip and an Engliſh 18 gun frigate, had a ſevere action near the Harbour; that the Engliſh ſhip was taken and brought into Charleſton; in conſequence of which a riot took place between the French and Engliſh on the arrival, and that the City Conſtable was killed in ſuppreſſing the Fracas."

Extract of a letter from Birmingham, dated October 5, 1793.

"The report of a War with America ſtill circulates here, and makes a diſagreeable impreſſion on the minds of the public; for the diſtreſs the war with France has already produced begins to make it unpopular. The poor of this town are more and more diſtreſſed; of this you may judge, when I mention to you, that the out-pay at the poor-houſe was for the months of June, July, and Auguſt, laſt year, 120l. per week; when the ſame months, this year, there has been paid 230l. per week. Emigrations to America would daily take place, if the expence of the paſſage could be eaſily raiſed. To the above ſum of 230l. per week, or 11,960l. ſterling per annum may be added many other expences, as well as the ſupport of nearly 1000 perſons in the poor houſe."

Extract of a letter from a Merchant in London, to his friend in this city, dated October 18.

"It gives me real pleaſure as a friend to America to find that you are not likely to be involved in the European war. The conduct of your Executive is very much applauded by all deſcriptions of people here; and I hope no circumſtance will ariſe to diſturb the harmony that ſubſiſts between the countries. I believe whatever may be the Deciſions in the Court of Admiralty, Juſtice will be done the parties injured by captures."

Philadelphia, Jan 20.—A meſſage was this day received in the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, from the Preſident. In this he informed them, that the Miniſtry of France had aſſured him, in anſwer to his requiſition for that purpoſe, that the recall of Mr. GENET ſhould be expedited without delay.

Boſton, Jan. 15.—The fifth inſt. the ſloop Polly, belonging to Amboy, came on ſhore on the ſouth ſide of the Vineyard, having on board five men, four women, and ſeven children. They ſailed from New-York, on the 26th ult. bound to Amboy, and were driven out to ſea, having only two quarts of water, and very little proviſion, to ſubſiſt on, for eleven days. During which they ſuffered incredible hardſhips, and loſt their maſt, bowſprit, cables, and anchors. The men on board had abandoned themſelves to deſpair; but one of the women, having once been at ſea, gave directions for the erection of a jury-maſt, and a ſmall ſail; by which they made the land they went on. The whole crew are likely to do well, except two children; who are ſuppoſed to be too ſickly to recover.

LONDON, *November 16.*

That matchleſs monſter Egalite, is now no more. This wretch, though with a heart the worſt that ever a man was curſed with, poſſeſſed the boundleſs ambition, but had not a mind capable of carrying into effect any brilliant plan to arrive at his object. He never once acted ingeniouſly, but through the means of various docile inſtruments, he aſpired to the Throne, while he affected to embrace the principles of Democracy.—The Guillotine ſo far has done juſtice, and the Convention, by ſeizing on his extenſive domains, will find a valuable ſource to proſecute the war. His rental before the Revolution amounted to 150 000l. per ann.

Egalite has left behind him four children, three ſons and a daughter. The eldeſt ci-devant Duke de Chartres, eſcaped with Dumourier; the other two ſons, whoſe titles were, the Duke de Montpenſier, and Count de Beaujolois, are priſoners, having been arreſted with the other members of the Bourbon family. Madomoiſelle D'Orleans is with Madame Genlis, the wife of Sillery, now in Switzerland. What connection there was between D'Orleans and Sillery does not appear any more than their guilt; it is only remarkable, that on the trial of Sillery, his being the confident of Orleans, was mentioned as his chief crime; as on the trial of the latter, the chief imputation was his being the friend of Sillery! this action and re-action of imputed criminalty is not the leaſt curious circumſtance that diſtinguiſhes the juriſprudence of the new tribunal.

The fate of Madame Elizabeth, of France, we fearfully apprehend, is approaching to a ſpeedy deciſion. She has already been denounced, in the Jacobin Club; a ſymptom which has hitherto, in almoſt every inſtance, proved fatal. The principal charges againſt her are, that ſhe accompanied her brother in his flight to Varennes, and that ſhe gave her advice, and ſanction to all the counter-revolutionary proceedings!

The French are breaking up the graves in all the churches, in order to make even the dead contribute in the expences of the war. The lead coffins are converted into bullets, and the copper ones ſent to mint.

Citizens of the department of Nierve came to preſent the fruits of their reſearches in that department. They delivered 17 trunks filled with gold, ſilver, money, and plate, amounting to ſeveral millions. Three of theſe citizens carried croſſes of ſilver; a fourth a ſun of gold ſurmounted with a cap of liberty; and a fifth a ducal crown of ſilver gilt. The crown was ordered to be trodden under foot by the Huiſſiers, a ceremony which was performed amidſt ſhouts of *Vive la Republique!* and the whole ordered to the mint.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Thurſday evening laſt, Capt. WILLIAM WHEATON, to Miſs SALLY NORWOOD, both of this city.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, January 27.

Will be preſented a COMEDY, *called, The*

Weſt Indian.

To which will be added, a FARCE, *called,*

Who's the Dupe.

The doors will be opened at 1-4 paſt five and Curtain drawn up at 1-4 paſt ſix o'clock.

Books and Stationary,

For Sale at the PRINTING-OFFICE *of*
JOHN HARRISSON,
YORICK'S HEAD, No. 3, PECK-SLIP,

Among which are the following:

HOLY BIBLE, folio & quarto,
Ferguſon's Roman Hiſtory,
Stewart's Hiſtory of Scotland,
Bower's Lives of the Popes,
Warwell's Travels,
Swinburn's do.
Bruce's Memoirs,
Eſſay on happineſs,
Travels thro' Europe, Aſia & Africa.
Hiſtory of America,
Life of Col. Gardiner,
Life of Baron Trenck,
Robert Boyl,
Tom Jones,
Vicar of Wakefield,
Julia Benſon,
Mrs. Bleecker's Works,
Keats Sketches,
Children's Friend,
The Bee,
Youngs Night Thoughts
Paradiſe Loſt,
Poems of Phillis Wheatly,
Maſons Companion,
Young Maſon's Monitor
Hervey's Meditations,
Fordyce's Sermons,
Whitefield's do.
The Marrow of Divinity
Religious Courtſhip,
Watt's Scripture Hiſtory
Confeſſion of Faith,
Dutch Church Conſtitution,
Synods Catechiſm,
Pulpit and Deſk,
Bunyan's Holy War,
Pilgrims Progreſs,
Life of Joſeph,
Common Prayer Books,
Miller's Sermons,
Watts' Pſalms & Hymns
Monitors,
Scott's Leſſons,
Morſe's Geography,
Fiſhers Compaſſion,
Goughs' Arithmetic,
Dillworth's Aſſiſtant,
Æſops Fables,
Entick's Dictionary,
Song Books,
Syren or Muſical Bouquet
Mermaid, or Nautical Songſter,
Jovial Songſter, &c.
School Books,
Bibles & Teſtaments,
Dillworth's, Webſter's & Fennings Spelling Books,
Primers, with the Preſbyterian and Epiſcopal catechiſe, &c. &c.

Alſo

A great variety of new Plays and Farces,

SEAMEN'S JOURNALS.

Blank Books of all Kinds.

Pocket Memorandum Books, Receipt Books, Copperplate Copy Books, beſt gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. beſt foolſcap do. common do. Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, Ink-Powder, Black Lead Pencils, Ink-Stands, Slates, Playing-Cards, Meſſage do. Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber, Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and ſhoes, &c. &c.

Hærlem Oil, Turlington's Balſam, Prentiſs' Balſam for Corns, and Anderſon's Pills.

WANTED—two Apprentices to the Tanning and Currying Buſineſs.—None need apply unleſs of reputable connexions, and good principles.—Enquire of the Printer.

Court of Apollo.

POVERTY.

O Poverty! thou bane of joy!
Thy face does every bliss destroy;
Thy deep sunk eyes, thy thin grown hair,
Thy bloomless cheek, thy heavy air,
Thy useless teeth, thy paper lips,
Thy rawbone shoulders, meatless hips—
In brief, thy all—I can't endure.

O Poverty! behold my purse!
Was e'er one in condition worse?
Behold my coat, at elbows out
And torn and tatter'd round about!
Behold my hat that once was black,
Now much its former hue does lack!
Behold my waistcoat! not one button
Remains of all that once were put on.
Behold my particolour'd breeches!
Ten thousand thousand are their stitches;
Of what first made I've now forgot,
For mem'ry fades, as breeches rot.
Behold my hose! not ate by moth,
For never were they chang'd in troth.
Darn'd up and down, outside and in;
Lo here a hole too shows my skin.
Behold my shoes! without soal leather,
Or strings to keep the straps together.
These mis'ries all to thee I owe,
O Poverty thou nurse of woe!

MR. MACK,
Miniature Painter;

WHOSE performances have been so much admired, by the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts, returns his grateful thanks, for the very liberal encouragement he has received since in this city, and begs a continuance of favors, which he hopes to merit, being so fortunate as never to fail taking the most striking likeness of every subject he attempts.

New-York, Maiden Lane, No. 43.

SHORT-HAND *Taught, on a new plan, in which only* SIX *characters are used. This method of Short-Hand writing excells all others that have ever appeared:*

First, In its perspicuity of expression; giving every part of the sound of what is attempted to be written, leaving nothing ambiguous to burthen the memory, or perplex the judgment in reading:

Secondly, Its conciseness; taking up less time and space by just one third of any other: For instance, Gurney's system, which is the briefest of any yet published, requires one hundred and fifty-two strokes, and this one hundred and one, to write the Lord's Prayer:

Thirdly, The ease of teaching and attaining it; three lessons of half an hour each having, in most cases, been found sufficient to acquire the theory compleat.

To be able to commit to writing, verbatim, speeches as they fall from the lips of the orator, whether from the pulpit, the senate or the bar, are some of the most obvious but by no means the most general use of short-hand; its secrecy as well as dispatch, makes it very adaptable for the memorandum-book, and retaining copies of letters; but above all, in composition: to the composer it is inestimable; by this the first flights of fancy are secured, before a feather of their natal beauty is ruffled—while the rough and unfinished thought lies hid from every unforgiving eye. For further particulars enquire at No. 43, Maiden Lane.

New-York, Dec. 14. 92. *tf.*

Musical Circulating Library.

JAMES HARRISON, *begs leave most respectfully to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of* New-York *in particular, and the public in general, that he has in preparation a very choice and extensive collection of the newest and most approved music of all kinds, which he proposes offering to the public upon the terms of a circulating library, which will be extensively carried on both in town and country, having correspondence with the first music warehouses in London, Paris and Amsterdam, will be constanly supplied with every new publication as soon as printed, which will be immediately added to the Library; in the collection of it he pledges himself to spare no pains or expence, by which means he hopes to merit the patronage and support of a generous public.*

The library is now opened on the same low terms as in London. Subscriptions are received at his store, No. 38 Maiden-Lane, *and good music taken in payment.* *Dec.* 28.

BLACK LEAD POTS,
Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and rous with brass heads, Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

JOHN A. HONSON,
Packer of Beef and Pork,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he has provided every convenience for the repacking of Beef and Pork, on Farmers Wharf, two doors from Peck-Slip, where vessels can come close to the Wharf to deliver and take in, at very little expence.---Those that please to employ him may depend on the strictest attention and best endeavors to give satisfaction.

New-York, July 6. 69. 6m.

Plumbing and Pewtering,
Carried on by
GEORGE YOULE,

AT No. 54, Water-Street, near Burling-Slip, Who executes at the shortest notice, all sorts of Ship and House plumbing.

N. B. Distilling Worms of all sizes, made in the neatest manner.

DOCTOR PRICE.

GALBOT, ALLUM and LEE, No. 202, Queen-street, opposite Burling-slip, respectfully inform their subscribers and the public, they have just received a few elegant engravings of that tried friend to the AMERICAN and FRENCH REVOLUTIONS, the late Dr. RICHARD PRICE of London, which are ready for delivery at 3 dollars each.—N. B. The engravings are from a painting by Benjamin West, Esq. and the size of the print 12 1-4 inch. by 9 1-2 inches.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

For the New-York Cotton and Linen Manufactory

A Number of Apprentices, either Girls, or Boys, twelve years old or upwards; they will be found every thing during their Apprenticeship, and taught the different branches belonging to the Cotton Business.—Enquire at the Factory, about six miles from Town, on York Island, or of ANDREW STOCKHOLM, No. 171, Queen-street.

DODDS and THOMPSON,
BISCUIT-BAKERS,
No. 51, *Cherry-Street,*

HUMBLY present themselves as candidates for public patronage, assuring merchants, Captains, and their employers in general, that it will be their heighest ambition to merit their approbation; and as their practice in the branch of their business has been very extensive, and by assiduously: uniting their joint endeavors, they flatter themselves that they will be able to give ample satisfaction to all those who shall be pleased to honor them with their commands.

November 9. tf.

S. LOYD,
Stay, Mantua-Maker and Milliner.

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great Dock-street.—She returns her most grateful acknowlegements to her friends and the public for past favors and hopes to merit a continuence of same.

Those ladies who please to favor her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Orders from town or country punctually obeyed.

July 20, 1793. 71---1*y.*

By Order of Richard Varick, Mayor of the city of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to Theodorus Brower, an absent debtor, and to all others whom it may concern, that upon application made to the said Mayor by a creditor of the said Theodorus Brower, pursuant to an act, entitled "An act for relief against absconding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of *April*, 1786. He hath directed all the estate both real and personal of the said Theodorus Brower, within the city and county of New-York, to be seized; and that unless he the said Theodorus Brower, shall return and discharge his debts within a year after the publication of this article, all his estates real and personal will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors. Dated at the city of New-York, this 14th day of November, 1793. 89 1*y.*

GEORGE WARREN CHAPMAN.

ANDREW S. NORWOOD,
UPHOLSTERER,
No. 31, *Beekman-Street, New-York,*

HAVING *commenced business in the above line solicits the patronage of his Friends and the Public. He is determined that his assiduity and exertions to give satisfaction to his employers, will merit a continuance of their favours.*

He makes Sofas, Settees, Easy and other Chairs, Feather Beds, Hair Mattrasses, Flock do. Venetian Blinds, Bed and Window Curtains, &c. Ships Cabins furnished with Curtains and Mattrasses, &c. &c. &c.——*PAPER HANGINGS putup with Neatness and Dispatch.*

☞ *An* APPRENTICE *wanted to the above business, one that can be well recommended.*

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 13, Crown-street, where Bakers, Grocers and others, may be supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms for cash. 1*y.*

April 20, 1793. WILLIAM CARGILL.

HUTCHINS's IMPROVED
ALMANACKS,
For 1794,
By the Groce, Dozen, or Single, for Sale at this Office.